The VT-49 Decimator sped through hyperspace. Its two occupants sipped from glasses of Corellian brandy as they waited for their ship to complete its hyperjump.

“Another one of the Taldryan remnants downed. I can’t believe how easy they are to deal with,” the pilot, a male Twi’lek, commented.

The female Human in the co-pilot’s seat smirked. “Lord Cotelin’s attack destroyed pretty much everything they had. Only a handful of survivors even got off world, and most of them are either dead or have completely disappeared. Clan Taldryan is no more,” she explained.

“In a way it’s a shame. We could have done with some of their veterans when the Collective attacked,” the Twi’lek added.

“Will you stop saying that? We will handle the Collective. Taldryan was assisting the Lotus. That’s why they had to be destroyed,” the female answered.

**-x-**

Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj was one of the few to survive the attack on Karufr, but his survival had come at a cost. Whilst he had managed to get his twin daughters, Poppy and Etty, clear of the Kr’tal system, he had been unable to locate their mother, Kooki. With the Alderaanian likely dead, the Sith swore to destroy Pravus and the Inquisition.

In the two years since, Andrelious refocused his abilities, becoming far stealthier and more subtle than before. However, he was even more brutal when delivering a kill. Combined with his refusal to pledge his loyalty to anything but Kooki’s memory, the former Imperial was considered a dangerous mercenary at best, and a complete liability at worse.

The Sith had managed to get aboard the VT-49 as its occupants hunted down a former clan mate, and, using his small size, was able to hide in a storage locker. Now the ship was on its way back to base, it was time to act. He snuck along the corridors, heading to the rear of the ship.

“Oh! Hello there!” a protocol droid declared as the black armoured Human entered a passenger area.

Andrelious was never in the mood for conversation anymore. He assaulted the droid with a quick blast of Force lightning, easily overloading the defenceless automaton’s systems. He was relieved to see that there were no Iron Legion troopers aboard; he suspected that the Inquisition’s target had eliminated them.

*Time to do my work*,

Opening a maintenance panel, Andrelious tugged at the exposed wires and pipes. He was by no means a technician, but his eldest daughter, Saskia, showed him just enough to know what to break.

**-x-**

Several red lights began to flicker on the cockpit’s instrument panels.

“We’ve got a problem. Sensors, targeting and primary weapons just went offline. If we run into any trouble, we’ll be virtually defenceless,” the Twi’lek stated gravely. “I’ll go back and check,”

“I told you not to fight so near the ship! I know those blaster hits would do so damage,” his companion snapped, moving into the pilot’s seat.

The Twi’lek passed through the passenger area, spotting the ship’s protocol droid’s smoking remains.

“Well, *you* weren’t damaged in the fight,” he commented, moving over to take a closer look.

As he crouched down, the Inquisitor felt something very cold slicing through his back.

“You and your Inquisition took her from me!” a voice hissed.

The Twi’lek lived just long enough to realise that he’d been stabbed by a Sith Dagger.

His killer was one of their own.

**-x-**

*What’s he going to do back there? He’s a killer. Not a tech,*

The female Inquisitor sighed to herself. Not only had the mission been harder than she would have liked, but her companion’s constant over estimation of his skills had cost them their Iron Legion helpers. Whilst the fight against the enemies of the Brotherhood seemed to be going well, losses were still unacceptable to the Grand Master. She suspected that once again, she would be the one who had to explain why the body count was so high.

Andrelious crawled slowly into the cockpit, making sure to stay absolutely silent. He vaguely remembered that Kooki used to sneak up behind him, just to give him a hug or kiss him to show her affection.

“Do you need any help down there?” the Inquisitor called out.

Andrelious placed the hilt of his lightsaber against the back of the pilot’s seat, thumbing its activation switch. The crimson blade shot into existence, straight through both the seat and its occupant’s heart.

“I think I’ve got this,” Andrelious stated coldly as the female’s body slid to the floor.

Mimosa-Inahj grabbed a comlink.

“This is Black Widower. I’ve secured the ship. Operation Carriage Snatch can proceed. Tell the girls I’ll be home before breakfast,” he declared, allowing himself a smile beneath his all black armour.

*FIN*